
Title: Dorieann Biography 2

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Marcus passed the man a gold coin, then grabbed his daughter's hand, moving down towards where the man had stated.

"Xandria, dear, pass me that cloth. We just need to keep him alive one more hour then the medicine will take affect," Rosemary said, wiping the man's forehead as he gave a rattling breath. Xandria passed the cloth, and then sat back down, opening her new book to read while her mother worked desperately to help the man. She had just begun to read on proper stair climbing etiquette when her mother called again. "Xandria, dear, please get me a bit of garlic." Setting her book down, she reached over to grab the garlic when she heard the man give a final breath. Still leaning over, her face to away from her mother, she grinned to herself. I wonder what happens when one animates a human, she thought to herself. She turned around, facing her mother again, a proper look of sadness on her face.

"Oh, no, he's dead! I am so sorry, mother," Xandria said, her eyes

shining with sadness.

“Oh, no he’s not!”

Rosemary said when suddenly she began to mutter something Xandria had never heard before. She watched in shock as her mother raised her hand over the body, her face set with determination as she chanted. Xandria saw something in the body almost glow, and her eyes widened further, hearing the man breath again. She heard a gasp behind her, and turned, seeing her stepfather and stepsister watching as well. Marcus walked quietly into the room and sat down, then set Doireann on his lap. He quietly began to speak to the girls as Rosemary continued her chanting.

“What your mother is doing is rare amongst healers. As you know, she has knowledge of all the arcane arts, even necromancy. Some would hate her for knowing and using the spells she knows, but I believe this shows there is good in all things learned. Your mother is holding his soul imprisoned in the body, not allowing it to decay, until the medicine can take affect. Very few hold such power over the soul such as she does, and they would fear her more. Notice, the man’s wife is not in here? We do not want to have someone crying necromancer down the streets.”

They sat and watched in silence, seeing the work being done. Rosemary

never stopped chanting,
her brow became profuse
with sweat working. Her
hands never trembled,
staying above his body as
she chanted. An hour
later, the man opened his
eyes, and looked up at
Rosemary who was still
chanting. Rosemary looked
down, smiled softy, and
then collapsed. Marcus
ran to his wife and
slowly picked her up,
cradling her. He looked at
the man on the bed.

“Are you well sir?” The
man nodded, and then
turned his head to look
at Rosemary.

“Tell her, thank you. I
know what she did and I
shall stay quiet. Just,
tell her thank you.”

Marcus nodded and strode
outside the hut, his wife
in his arms. Doireann
followed closely, her hand
holding onto her father’s
shirt as Xandria wandered
slowly behind, her mind
moving swiftly, committing
the chant to memory.
